

## **Mafia God 208**

### Chapter 208: She Is Not A Child

That got Luca's attention. His head snapped up, eyes flashing. "What does that mean?"

"I mean, since you have decided you want to be brainless..."

Luca let out a sharp breath, stepping forward. "I thought she was in danger!" he shot back.

"And you chose to handle that how?" Don interrupted, his tone hardening. "By abandoning your wife? Your responsibilities? I'm asking patiently now that you put her on a leash," Don continued. "She is not a child. She should understand boundaries."

Julian shifted slightly, leaning back as he watched the exchange unfold, clearly entertained but smart enough to stay out of it.

"Draw a fucking line with her," Don went on, stepping closer to Luca. "You cannot keep reacting like this every time she calls."

Luca's hands curled into fists at his sides.

"You cannot ask Bianca not to react," Don added, his voice now carrying a sharper edge, "when you just humiliated her in front of her friends and family. Running off from your own anniversary party," Don continued, shaking his head slightly. "Do you even understand what that looks like? Mrs. Vitale pulled a lot of strings to get you that resort," Don said. "That wasn't just a party. That was a statement." Don stepped back, the conversation clearly over in his mind. "Fix it," he said. "Before it becomes something you can't control."

"I'll handle it," Luca said, his voice steady, though the tightness in his jaw betrayed him. Julian let out a low chuckle.

"Handle it?" he echoed, amused. "More like she's handling you." Luca's head snapped toward him.

"You want to keep your teeth in your cheek?" he snapped. Julian raised his hands slightly in mock surrender, but the smirk never left his face.

"Relax," he said lightly. "Just calling it how I see it."

"Luciano..." Don's voice cut through the tension. Both men fell silent instantly. "This will not happen again," he said. "Is that clear?"

Luca held his stare. There was no room for argument here, no space for defiance. "Yes, sir," Luca replied finally.

Don gave a single, satisfied nod, signaling the end of the conversation.

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Bianca stood alone in the suite. The resort was everything it was supposed to be—luxurious, pristine, carefully curated for romance and indulgence.

Soft lighting glowed, the distant sound of waves brushing against the shore filtering in through the glass doors.

It was beautiful. And completely wasted on her. This suite had been meant for her and her husband.

Every detail, every arrangement, every carefully placed touch had been designed for the two of them.

Now it felt too large. Julian's voice echoed faintly in her mind, urging patience, urging control.

Don't let anger lead you. She scoffed softly under her breath, lifting the glass of wine to her lips.

Patience meant waiting. Patience meant giving him time to choose—time to drift, to hesitate, to be pulled in directions that didn't include her.

Her fingers tightened slightly around the stem of the glass as she stared out at the dark horizon. She needed to speed things along.

This careful, measured approach was suffocating her. She wanted her husband. All of him.

The sound of the door unlocking broke through her thoughts. She took a slow sip of her wine, steadying herself.

By the time the door opened, she was perfectly still, perfectly poised. Luca stepped inside.

He paused just inside the doorway, his eyes finding her instantly. Bianca turned then, finally acknowledging his presence.

The glass of wine rested lightly in her hand. "You can take the couch," Bianca said.

"There's only one bedroom here."

She didn't wait for a response. She turned, already moving toward the bedroom as if the conversation had ended before it even began.

"Bianca..." His voice stopped her just short of the doorway. She paused, her hand hovering near the frame, then turned slowly to face him.

"Yes, Luca."

"I don't blame you if you're angry," he said after a moment.

"No," she replied softly. "I guess you shouldn't. But I'm not angry. I'm resigned," she continued. "What else can I do?"

"I'll never forgive you for shooting her," he said.

"I didn't ask for forgiveness," she replied calmly.

"But I also acknowledge that this isn't easy for you," Luca added, as if the admission cost him.

Bianca gave a small shrug. "As long as you're acknowledging," she said lightly, "it's progress. Good night, Luca." She turned again, ready to walk away, ready to end it there.

"Bianca..." He called her back a second time. She stopped again, and turned with a faint crease between her brows.

"Yes?"

"Get yourself a man."

"What?" Bianca's brow arched, genuine surprise breaking through.

"You heard me," he said.

Bianca let out a soft, disbelieving laugh, shaking her head slightly. "That's your solution?" she asked, stepping a little closer now, curiosity replacing detachment. "You abandon me, humiliate me, remind me you'll never forgive me... And then you tell me to get another man? Why?" Bianca asked. "You want me to make you feel better about what you're doing to me?"

"Stop making things even more difficult," he said.

"Don't worry about my sexual needs," she replied mockingly. "I told you that I would wait for you."

She didn't give him time to respond. She turned and walked away, disappearing into the bedroom without another glance.

He stood there for a moment, then let out a long breath and sank onto the couch. His head tipped back briefly, eyes closing as if he could shut everything out.

Then, his gaze drifted toward the bedroom door, left slightly ajar. From where he sat, he could see just enough, the dim light spilling across the room, her silhouette shifting as she moved.

He told himself not to look. He looked anyway. Bianca stood with her back partially turned, her hands reaching behind her, struggling with the zipper of her dress.

The motion was small, frustrating, repeated—her shoulders tensing each time it refused to budge. Luca's jaw tightened.

For a moment, he stayed where he was, watching in silence.